

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 701.—VOL. XIV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.

PRICE 1½d.

## DR MARTIN'S FURLOUGH.

By A. H. NORWAY.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

I WONDER whether there is any sensation in the whole world so pleasurable as that with which an Anglo-Indian of long service starts upon a two years' leave. A schoolboy's rejoicing when his term breaks up is just as insignificant beside it as the simple feelings of the lad are slight compared with the fuller passions of the man, every one of which is straining in the direction of home with a dash of oriental fervour grafted on our slower English nature. Home always stands in bright colours in an Anglo-Indian's mind; but at the moment when his luggage has been stowed away, when the swarm of masulah boats and catamarans scatters at the first beat of the revolving screw and disappears into the long rollers of the surf, and when the traveller, leaning over the vessel's side, watches the towers and minarets of the land of banishment grow dim and sink lower on the horizon—then is the time when England seems a sort of fairyland, more kind, more hospitable than any other on the earth.

Now I, James Martin, surgeon-major, returning home on furlough after fifteen years, was quite old enough to know that these fancies were illusory; yet I cherished them just as fondly as the rawest lad on board. It is true that as the voyage proceeded I began to question myself, and as I lay in my long deck-chair on the hot, still evenings, remembering what gaps half a generation had made in my list of friends, I was not always quite so sure that to see my old haunts filled with strange faces would give me all the pleasure I had pictured in my leave. These doubts came upon me first at Aden. The Red Sea strengthened them, as it does all other unpleasant impressions; and when I reached Port Said I suppose I had become a little morbid, for if it had not been for

the fear of looking so confoundedly absurd, I was quite in the mood to change steamers and go back to my comfortable bungalow and my familiar cronies at Secunderabad.

After all, it is a rather desolate thing to come home from long service knowing that there will be no kind face to meet one at the docks, no friendly hearth garnished for one with a welcome worth crossing the world to seek. It was chilling to the spirits, especially in the midst of all the chatter about happy meetings which was going on around me; and I was therefore doubly pleased when the steward came up to me at Malta and handed me a letter which had just been brought on board from my old friend Champneys.

Really, I sometimes think the friendships which India cements are worth the banishment. I had not seen Champneys for five years, and had heard of him only once. Yet he wrote to me now saying he had seen my leave gazetted in the *Homeward Mail*, that his house was just as much at my service as my bungalow had been at his on certain occasions which he specified; and he concluded by saying, 'I shall be in town for a few days about the 16th; so I propose to meet the *Ganges*. That will insure your breaking any other plans you may have made; and we will go down to Oatley together.'

I was glad enough to be taken possession of in this cheery, confident manner; and there was really nothing to prevent me from going off with Champneys as soon as he proposed, for my only near relation was a sister whom I had left in India; while as for my cousins in Scotland it would be quite time to think of them when they showed signs of remembering me—which had not happened yet. So, after four splendid days in

town, during which Champneys and I were more like two schoolboys than the sober fogies we were credited with being, we put ourselves into the train at Paddington and ran down into Somersetshire, where my friend had established himself in a charming house on the first slopes of the Quantock Hills.

I received a most cordial welcome, for Mrs Champneys was a friend almost older than her husband—a woman indeed of more real charm and kindness than any other I had then been privileged to meet. Indeed, if it had not been quite obvious that she and Champneys— But what object is there in going back so far? It is enough that we have always been the best of friends, and that she came to meet me with outstretched hands.

'Welcome, welcome, from beyond the seas,' she cried, grasping my hand in both of hers. 'Oh, John and I have wearied for your coming home on leave! Why have you not written to us in all these years?'

I might have replied that if few letters had passed in one direction, fewer still had travelled in the other. But I am not one of those who hold that friendship feeds on letters; and indeed there was too much genuine kindness in my hostess's manner to dispose me to attempt an answer in any other than the same spirit.

'Ah, you have still your flattering tongue,' she said, interrupting me as I faltered out my thanks. 'Don't make us feel as if we had lost the Indian standard of hospitality. And who should be more at home than you in our house? Come in and have tea. Wilkins will see to all your things. John, some one is waiting to see you about the fencing.'

Talking all the time, she ushered me into a spacious library, where tea was laid in a deep bow-window, outside which a crimson and scarlet sunset was flaming over high plantations. The room was almost dusk, and I thought at first that it was empty. But in a moment more a lady rose from a lounge in the window, and came to meet us.

'This is my half-sister, Duance Merriman,' Mrs Champneys explained, 'whose sole grievance in life it is that she was born too late, and so lost the chance of seeing India before my father retired.'

'Is that a hardship?' I asked, as Miss Merriman and I shook hands. 'Now I should have called it a piece of good fortune. Why should India take the gloss off another life?'

'You are exactly like all the rest, Dr Martin,' the young lady answered rather scornfully; 'you wish to arouse sympathy for what you call your banishment by representing that it is grievous to be borne. But I have known too many Anglo-Indians to be deceived. I am very well aware that your prison-house is much pleasanter than most people's freedom.'

'And so it may be, looking at it from a lady's point of view; but we men are at a discount out there, you know, Miss Merriman, and our merits are not acknowledged as yours would be if you honoured our shores.'

'Flatterer,' laughed the girl, as she handed me my teacup. 'But talking of merits, if you only knew how yours had been discussed in this house during the last week. You are on a lofty

pinnacle, Dr Martin. It will need all your efforts to maintain yourself there.'

At this point my hostess came to my rescue. 'Dr Martin will maintain himself on his pinnacle without any effort whatever, Duance. But it can't be very amusing for him to talk about his own qualities; suppose you tell him of the guests we are expecting, and of the stag-hunt to-morrow.'

'Are you expecting a full house?' I asked.

'Not very full; but we shall not be alone for some weeks after to-day.'

Then followed a short description of the people who were to form our house-party; the usual mixture of old and young folk, none of whom aroused any particular interest in my mind except one man, a Major Hunter of the Engineers, concerning whom I fancied I detected some difference of tone in the accounts given by the two ladies. If so, however, the difference was slight; and we soon diverged into conversation about the stag-hounds, which Miss Merriman told me, with quickened interest, came up from Exford for a week's hunting in the Quantocks each November. I was a trifle piqued by the non-chalance of her manner in receiving me; and exerted myself so much the more to draw her into pleasant conversation. This was not very difficult, since she was an enthusiast about sport. I brought out my best stories with just such a twang of the long-bow as every story-teller who respects himself must remember to impart even to his most veracious narratives; and succeeded in interesting her so well that when Champneys returned, having settled all about his fences, and proposed a cheroot and a stroll round the plantations before dinner, she got up with a pettish exclamation, and saying, 'I do wish your fence had been a trifle longer, John,' sailed out of the room in real or affected indignation.

'You will like Hunter,' Champneys observed as we strolled through the stable-yard; 'he is a capital fellow—a good shot and an excellent companion.'

'I seem to remember something about him,' I said, 'yet I can't quite place him. Has he been in India?'

'Only for a few months, on a sporting expedition up in Cashmere, I fancy. It is hardly likely that you can have met him.'

'Probably not,' I said. 'I gathered from what Mrs Champneys said that he is often with you.'

'Why, yes,' Champneys answered with a slight laugh. 'He has his reasons for coming here tolerably frequently. In fact— But there, I must not let my tongue run into indiscretions.'

'It would be most improper to do so,' I replied, 'and it is moreover perfectly unnecessary, since I quite understand what you mean to convey.'

'There is no engagement, however,' Champneys said; and there the conversation dropped.

I do not know what there was in it which could reasonably displease me. Yet I was in a bad humour as I dressed for dinner; and throughout the evening I found my thoughts constantly reverting to the absent Hunter with a growing desire that his leave might be refused or that some melancholy accident might keep him from breaking up, as I felt he would, our pleasant society. He was an excellent talker it appeared, a most resourceful man in amusing people on dull days in a country house—in short he was all

that my long bachelor life had unfitted me to become; and though I exerted myself with a fair measure of success on this my first evening of home life, I could not disguise from myself that my social arts were sadly out of date.

It was otherwise, however, on the following morning, when, mounted on a strong roan mare, I rode up into the Quantocks side by side with Miss Merriman, while Champneys jogged along behind. If drawing-rooms had become unfamiliar to me in fifteen years, the saddle and the hunting-field were my chosen ground, and once on horseback I feared comparison with nobody. The meet was on almost the highest point of the range, among bare hilltops clothed only with ling and heather, but intersected at every point by deep combes, on the sides of which the fern grew deep, and where there was scrub far more than enough to hide a couching deer. There was the usual crowd of sightseers in vehicles of every imaginable kind; gigs, farmers' carts, with a fair number of ladies who had braved the thick morning mist in the hope of seeing a gallant start. From all these on-lookers Miss Merriman held herself aloof, speaking only to a few friends, and seizing every opportunity of quitting the group on pretence of keeping a close watch on the operations of the huntsman, who, with his pack of tufters, was about to beat the scrub on the first slopes of a combe some short distance off.

'There's plenty of time,' Champneys called out to us from where he sat on his gray horse, the centre of a jovial party. 'They'll have to go a good way down before they start anything.'

But Miss Merriman shook her head a little disdainfully, and moved off to a knoll which commanded the whole extent of the combe. When she reached it she turned to me, seeing that I had followed her, and said:

'See, the sun is shooting through the mist already. I can't understand, Dr Martin, why when people come out to hunt they must always begin with such a quantity of gossip.'

I had not time to answer her; for at that moment, as I watched the scarlet coats going to and fro, and the dogs nosing into every clump, but a short way below us, suddenly, without the least warning, the antlered head of a magnificent stag rose out of the covert, and in another moment the least was cantering grandly away along the hillside, knowing full well that the time of his greatest peril was not yet, and that he had an easy start before the tufters could be recalled and the pack put on him. Instantly the hillside, so still a moment earlier, was in a roar of cheerful sound. The very turf seemed to shake beneath the thud of horses galloping; and as the stag disappeared round the shoulder of the hill I set my horse to my first gallop on the breezy hills of home.

We had ridden perhaps half a mile along the ridge before I thought of Champneys; and, looking back over my shoulder I saw him at some distance behind, striving to force his horse through a stretch of very broken ground into which he had blundered in his haste, taking what he thought to be a better route. I waved my whip to him in derision, and he shouted back what sounded like profanity; but I had no time to ponder over what it could have been, for the pace was growing, and the nature of the ground

demanding care. I glanced at Miss Merriman. She was riding splendidly, her horse under perfect control, her lips tight-set, and her eyes flashing with excitement. The mist was scattering, and there lay before us a view as glorious as can be seen in these islands—stretching far away over the wide, flat plain towards Clevedon, with the sea and the Welsh hills beyond; while the keen salt air rushed in our faces, and every stride of the horses brought a fresh throb of exhilaration and delight.

So we rode for perhaps half-an-hour, when the stag plunged downwards into a valley, and, crossing a little stream in the bottom, took to the woods upon the farther slope. I was on the point of riding down when Miss Merriman checked me.

'If you will let me advise you, you will not go down,' she said. 'Come with me. I know this country well.'

She evidently did; and I followed her without demur along the ridge till she drew up at a point somewhat above the wood, though a little to the right.

'Here or hereabouts he will come out,' she said confidently; 'but he will lurk in the wood until he can stay there no longer, so I propose to eat my sandwiches, and I should advise you to do the same.'

Far below us, in the hollow, men were riding up and down the stream, shouting and perplexing each other with the greatest energy. 'I'm afraid,' said Miss Merriman, 'that their horses will be blown before the hard work of the run begins.' And events proved her right; for the sandwiches were not yet done when the stag burst out of the thickets of ground-oak not a hundred yards from where we had posted ourselves, and broke away along the slope, the whole pack in full cry after him.

Then followed one of the hardest and longest runs in which I have ever taken part; and, as one such day is in its outward features not unlike another, when the hard riding begins, I will only say that the whole chase swept gradually down out of the hills, the stag heading for the sea; and that late in the afternoon we drew rein upon the sand. The stag was swimming out a hundred yards from shore, his sobbing breath plainly audible to us. The dogs ran fretting and baying up and down the line of surf. One or two swam out a little way, but swam back whining. At a little distance the huntsman was talking to some fishermen. Miss Merriman caught at my bridle.

'They are getting out a boat,' she said. 'I can't bear to see this butchery. The sport is over. Let us go before the poor brute is slaughtered.'

'Most willingly,' I said. 'But where are we? We must be many miles from home.'

'Not so many as you think,' she answered. 'But first let us get out of sight of the shore. You see we have shaken off John.'

'I lost him more than an hour ago,' I said. 'Really you must allow me to compliment you on your riding.'

'Certainly, if it gives you any pleasure,' she replied. 'But why should you? One does not congratulate a man who happens to be at home on horseback. One takes it as a matter of course. And now let me tell you that we have not to

ride back over the hills. There is a road through the valley which will bring us home comfortably in two hours.'

'It is as well,' I said, 'for though we are well mounted, one should not treat one's horse as if his muscles were of steel.' Thereupon we fell into the pleasantest of talk; for nothing advances intimacy so fast as comradeship on such a day as we had spent. There was about my companion a certain simplicity of manner which I have often noticed in country-bred girls, and which I believe to be bred of a love of field-sports and of much living in the open air. We talked like two old friends. The ride was delightful, I think, to both; and for my part I plead guilty to a muttered malediction when my companion cried, as we rode up the avenue of Oatley, 'There is Major Hunter talking to John upon the steps.' It may have been a mere fancy, but I thought her face also fell. At any rate, welcome or not, there he was; and a moment later we were shaking hands and receiving Champney's good-natured congratulations on our luck in seeing the thing through, whereas he had been obliged to fall out by the lameness of his horse. There was a little chaff about the inconsistent nature of people who went out to see a stag killed, but could not bear to see it done after all; and then I was carried off to the stables to give my opinion about the gallant gray, while Hunter went into the house with the ladies.

### BELGIUM FOR THE BRITISHER.

By M. CORBET-SEYMOUR, Bruges.

#### BRUSSELS.

LANDING at Ostend and availing himself of the mail-train timed to convey him wheresoever he wills, the Englishman will arrive in less than three hours in the bright, modernised, and very charming city of Brussels. 'A little Paris' it is sometimes called; but, knowing both capitals pretty thoroughly as a resident, I have never been able to trace a strong likeness between them. Even the French spoken in Brussels is not precisely that spoken in Paris; and to the visitor from Great Britain the Belgian city is more hospitable, more home-like than the capital of France. Either as passing guest or settled resident he may be very happy at a moderate cost; and many who come for a month stay for a year, while those who meditate a year's visit will frequently remain for a lifetime.

The hotels are well-nigh innumerable. Those in the upper town are more expensive than those in the more central streets, the *table d'hôte* varying from three and a half to six francs, and other prices corresponding. There are *pensions de famille* in plenty; the usual charge is five francs per diem for each visitor, and wine the only extra. There are also furnished rooms or sets of rooms to be had by the week or by the month, and furnished houses in plenty. The prices for all are rarely higher in Brussels than in Bruges, though of course offering modern improvements and advantages.

The origin of Brussels dates back to the sixth century, if we may credit the old legend which tells of St Géry, bishop of Cambrai, coming to

preach Christianity to the people in the land of heather and marshes which is now known as Belgium. The holy man, we read, built a chapel upon the small island formed by the two branches of the river Senne; humble cabins began to be erected round about, and this was the cradle of the present beautiful city. The tourist will be struck with the shops of the Montagne de la Cour, and of the Galeries Saint Hubert, some of which exhibit the exquisite and costly lace that forms the chief industry of the country. He will stand gazing at the splendid exterior of the church of St Gudule, and then pass within to admire its magnificent stained-glass windows and wood-carving. He will visit the Royal Library, rich in volumes, engravings, coins, and medals, and pass to the upper floor to see the masterpieces of old painters, Rubens, Matsys, and others—to which are added the best efforts of the modern school of art. He will walk in the Park and listen to the music of the Guides; he will drive in the extensive Bois de la Cambre. And then he will spend his evenings at one of the theatres, or at the opera-house of the Monnaie, and finally declare that the sights and the amusements of Brussels are too many for a short stay—it will be necessary to come back again and yet again if he would see all that is to be seen, and hear all that ought to be heard.

As a matter of course, this, the Exposition year, will not be the moment to see Brussels in its normal condition, nor to realise how moderate are the expenses of the resident. But we will imagine Paterfamilias arriving in the city under ordinary conditions. If he has made up his mind to so long a stay as to render the removal of his furniture from England advisable, Messrs Hudson will take it in hand, nor will he have reason to complain of so much as a glass being broken. But more probably he will wish for an unfurnished house in the quarter known as Ixelles, which is greatly favoured by the British. Depending upon the number of rooms and somewhat also upon the position, he will find what he wants for forty or fifty pounds per annum. He can purchase on hire second-hand furniture more advantageously than in any other Belgian town; indeed, people from the provinces often take a trip to Brussels specially for this purpose. The furnished house is the remaining possibility, at six to ten pounds per month; the price varying according to size and other things.

There is a first-class school for boys, both elder and younger, known as St Bernard's. There are boarding and day schools for girls conducted by English, French, or Belgian ladies, as may be preferred. There are capital art-studios, where lessons in painting and drawing are given for very moderate fees. And for music and singing the opportunities are so numerous and varied that the only difficulty will be to select who shall teach your sons and daughters.

The 'Old English Bank,' for changing money, the two English churches, an English library and reading-room, an English Club, a Cricket and Lawn-tennis Club all combine to make the newly-arrived Britisher feel 'at home away from home.' And there is a large English colony, the members of which vie with each other in hospitable entertainments and in organising various amusements. For the Belgian, the Brussels



season extends from November to Easter, at which time he betakes himself to his country-house. But for the British, the Belgian capital is never more charming than during the spring and summer months, when concerts in the open air are the chief attraction of the long evenings.

That will be the season also for excursions in the neighbourhood, first of which we must place Waterloo, a distance of fifteen and a half kilometres from Brussels, reached by a coach which starts somewhere about nine in the morning, and returns to the city in time for six o'clock dinner.

If preferred, the little journey can be made by rail to Braine-Pallend, which is within twenty minutes of the battlefield.

Then there is Tervueren and its beautiful park, the residence of Princess Charlotte (widow of the unfortunate Maximilian of Mexico) until the disastrous fire of 1879, when the building was totally destroyed.

Boitsfort is a favourite ride or drive; and besides its pretty modern residences it possesses one which is a curiosity, because it has been constructed in the style of Flemish Renaissance, as a specimen of the magnificence of the dwellings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The furnishing of the interior, even to the smallest detail, carries out the idea and shows what was the taste of those old times. By the courtesy of the owner, strangers find very little difficulty in obtaining permission to inspect it thoroughly. Groenendael is also a favourite excursion; also Beersel, where are the ruins of the old castle belonging to the D'Arenberg family.

Animal lovers must not omit a visit to the House for Dogs at Machelen Haren. It is a large garden situated in the middle of fields, and encircled by high walls, against which the seven hundred dwellings are built. Each dwelling has two divisions; the one open to the air, where food and water are supplied to the four-footed inmate, the other roofed in and warmed, serving for his living and sleeping apartment. Every sort and condition of dog may be found in the Home—small, large, young, old. Some are poor lost 'strays'; others, perhaps, are sent there by some owner who has ceased to care for his faithful companion; others again have toiled hard (under the wretched system of driving dogs in carts which still exists in Belgium), and find at Haren a place of rest for the evening time of life. All are welcome; all are well fed and cared for; and the Home is under admirable supervision. After a fortnight's residence, a dog becomes the property of the managers. But he is never sold except on receipt of a written agreement to treat him well and never to give him up for purposes of vivisection. There is an infirmary for the sick, and also a department where dogs are received 'en pension' during the absence of their owners.

Laeken is the usual residence of the King and Queen of the Belgians, the palace in Brussels being only used on special occasions. On this account it is but seldom that visitors can be admitted, and there is nothing very remarkable about the interior. So much for the amusements of spring and summer.

During the winter, when all the fashionables are in residence, there are several court balls for

those who have the *entrée* of the highest society. There are informal dances and private theatricals for every one; four concerts of the Grande Harmonie; four concerts given by the Conservatoire; four—or sometimes six—concerts at the opera-house.

All this concerns either the pleasure-seeker or the family where there are young people, who will need a blending of instruction and amusement.

The quiet student and the lover of antiquity need not feel hopelessly out of his element in the lively little city. For such there is occupation for many a day in the Museum of the Porte de Hal, or in the Museum of Natural History. He will be delighted with the *hôtel-de-ville* on the Grande Place, and the other buildings which remain as specimens of the rich architecture of the Middle Ages, and with the old frescoes of the church of the Sablon.

For young and old, for studious or gay, there is plenty to see and plenty to do in Brussels. Strange to say, it is often considered but as a halting-place on the way to Germany, and a vast number of people ignore its claims to be ranked high on the list of cities where the Briton may be comfortably and hospitably entertained when economical reasons drive him, for a longer or shorter period, away from home.

## A TSAR'S GRATITUDE.

By FRED WHISHAW.

### CHAPTER VII.

Alexander Philipof returned to his lodging with mixed feelings. He had received at Olga's hands what must be described as 'a knock-down blow.' It was a matter of surprise to him, as he now strode home, that his heart was not broken. It was not broken; on the contrary, able now to face the question honestly, which—while still on his way to see Olga—had been impossible, he felt bound to admit, in the secret recesses of his soul, that in some respects matters were better as they were. On considering the entire question, he was astonished to discover that the prospect of marrying Olga had not been, of late, the most ardently desired gift that the future held in store for him. During the past year of separation from her, he had more than once been conscious of a distressing suspicion that, fond as he was of the girl in one way, he was scarcely sufficiently attached to her in another. It was a suspicion to which he had never offered a moment's hospitality, when its presence was realised; and as for making Olga a party to his fears, he would never have dreamed of such a thing. Olga should never be vexed by so foolish a suspicion of weakness. Probably every lover misdoubted at times—within his soul—the worthiness of his devotion. Now that he dared face the question, however, he recognised that the prospect of his marriage had been an actual incubus, and that the abstract fact of his escape from the necessity to marry Olga was a distinct gain and relief to him.

Nevertheless—such is the inexplicable nature of mankind!—he felt sore and aggrieved. This Hussar, Dostioef, who had profited by the mistake in some despatch, would have another excuse—a

very poor one, but enough for him—for affecting an air of superiority. Philipof had been, in a way, cut out by him. At this moment he almost wished that Dostoief had really committed the fraud of which he, at the first instant, had half-suspected him; for then Sasha could have called him out and squared this affair to his liking. It was not that Dostoief was a bad match for his cousin and ward; on the contrary, his prospects were most brilliant as the Tsar's companion and *aide-de-camp*, and he was, besides, a rich man. Olga would occupy a far better position as Dostoief's wife than she would have enjoyed as his own. But that Dostoief should have married his betrothed, even though he had done so in the full belief that Sasha was dead and buried, was a kind of affront; the more difficult to bear because unpunishable. Lastly, though Philipof now knew very well that he had not really wished to marry his cousin, or indeed to marry any one, and must have sacrificed himself for the sake of Olga's love for him, which he could not adequately return, yet, strangely enough, he had never felt so tenderly towards the girl as at this moment. There was not much danger of his falling in love with her, however, he concluded; for if he had wearied of her as his own betrothed, he would not be likely to be attracted by her now that she was the wife of another. Her feelings for himself were a different matter; and Philipof, being an honest and chivalrous person, and averse to the idea of tampering with another man's property, then and there decided that if he found, after a visit or two to Olga, that his cousin showed signs of retaining her old feelings for him—why, he must, to his regret, leave her severely alone. His functions as guardian might properly lapse now that she possessed a natural protector of her own. As her cousin, he need not see her often. The whole thing was in a nutshell: he would befriend Olga if she needed him—which was unlikely—and if all went well with her, he would visit the house very rarely, and that when he would have the less chance of meeting Dostoief, whose marriage was an offence to him whatever else it might be, and whom he did not desire to see oftener than was absolutely necessary.

Full of his resolve to act up to these conclusions, Philipof remained absent from Olga, after his first visit, for forty-eight hours. Then he felt that the girl might deem it unkind if he stayed away any longer, and he visited her again.

Olga was still busy over the little garments she worked at. She changed colour when Sasha appeared, but received him with a genial smile of welcome.

'I am so glad you have come, dear Sasha,' she said, 'for I wished to explain that I was taken by surprise the other day, and spoke and acted like a fool. I shall always love you, you know, my dear; it is useless to disguise that fact; it is impossible to forget what is past and gone; but I love my husband also—you would not have it otherwise?'

'God forbid!' said Sasha. 'Love him all you can, Olga; it is your duty!'

'Thank you, my brave Sasha! I think I shall love him still better, perhaps, one day. There is—this, you know' (she held up the little sock with a plaintive smile); 'I think it will bring us to-

gether; and, meanwhile, God will help both you and me to be brave and—honourable. I shall never tell you after this day that I love you the best, Sasha; and, perhaps, after a while, it will no longer be the case; and you—you will try also to accept the trial that has been sent to us to bear.'

'I am bearing it, Olga; we will say no more about it!' said Philipof, with an uncomfortable feeling that this trial had fallen lightest upon the stronger shoulders.

Then Olga cried a little, dried her tears, crossed herself, sighed, and started off with a long disquisition upon all that had happened to bring about the present state of affairs, a recital which certainly proved that she had held out to the best of her ability against the combined attacks of Dostoief and Matrona. Afterwards she waxed eloquent on the subject of Dostoief's prospects, and told many interesting facts as to her husband's marvellous advancement and his important position about the person of the young Tsar, who, it appeared, was never satisfied unless Dostoief were within hail, and could do nothing and go nowhere without his new favourite. All this certainly sounded promising enough, but a question which Sasha put to his cousin revealed a state of things which threw a new light on the whole matter. Olga was telling, with heightened colour and evident satisfaction, of her husband's greatness.

'But how about his home life?' asked Sasha. 'If he is always with the Tsar, and even sleeps in the palace several nights every week, you must see rather little of him.'

'I do rather,' said Olga, smiling ruefully. 'I see him nearly every day, though, if only for a little while.'

'Nearly every day,' Sasha repeated slowly. 'Do you mean to say, Olga, that you, who have only been married a few months, don't see your husband every day, and he living in the same town?'

'Not quite every day!' said Olga, blushing; 'but he comes when he can. We both understand that, placed as he is, we must put up with some separation for the sake of his prospects. I don't mind so much now that you are here,' she ended ingenuously.

'Oh, but I can't come very often, you know, now, Olga; it's different, don't you see. You must not rely upon having me constantly by you, as before; it would not be right.'

'Can't we be brother and sister?' she asked. 'We have agreed that we are not going to talk about love. I think I must see you every day, Sasha; and especially because Vladimir is so often absent from home. You will come every day, won't you?'

'Oh no, Olga, certainly not!' said Sasha.

Yet he did come every day, as it happened, for the idea of leaving her to knit her little socks in solitude was distasteful to him, and his company was so obviously a comfort to her. But though he was at the house for the greater part of every day, yet it was a week before he met Dostoief there. The hussar had heard of his return 'from the grave,' and now expressed himself delighted to find that he had a new cousin alive instead of beneath the sod. As for his marriage to the girl who had been Sasha's betrothed, he never referred

to that awkward subject, but ignored it altogether, as though he had never known of Philipof's intention to marry his cousin. Dostoeief talked of the war a little, and a great deal about the Tsar and the court, from which topic, once it was broached, his conversation did not afterwards stray. The Emperor was the be-all and end-all of every thought in his head, and Dostoeief made no secret of his infatuation.

During the course of the conversation Sasha mentioned his own disgust in consequence of the injustice meted out to the unfortunate Okhotsk regiment, but on this subject the hussar had little to say, and that not over-pleasant to listen to.

'The Okhotsk regiment—confound it!' he said. 'I forgot you belonged to that terrible corps. There's no injustice there, my dear man; you forget his Majesty was present as Grand Duke at Lukermann, and saw it all for himself! The regiment behaved disgracefully—nothing personal, of course; you were wounded, I know, and could not help it, but the fellows ran like sheep. I have heard his Majesty describe it more than once as a disgrace to the Russian arms. If you'll take my advice, you'll get out of the Okhotsk and into a better corps. I'll mention your case to his Majesty, if you like. His Majesty would strain a point to oblige me.' But Sasha declined the honour of having his case brought before the notice of the Emperor. He did not care to be singled out from his brother officers, he said, who were all as good as he, and as good—he ventured to believe—as those of any other regiment of his Majesty, not excepting the Red Hussars. If two years' fighting for the Tsar merited nothing better than insults from the Tsar, it was useless to attempt to mend matters by wearing another uniform; he would be no better servant of the Tsar for changing his coat and trousers!

This was a foolish speech, and Sasha must have been very angry to make it. Dostoeief looked surprised for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders.

'As you will!' he said. 'I would arrange it for you if you liked—but if you prefer to remain a member of a submerged regiment—do so! Perhaps I shall have the opportunity to do you a good turn with his Majesty whether you desire it or no!'

'For heaven's sake play your own game with his Majesty, but leave me alone,' said Sasha angrily. 'I am quite capable of taking care of myself, and wish for no favours from the son of that bullying autocrat, Nicholai Pavlitch. You may have forgotten his rudeness to me on a certain occasion—but I have not.'

'Well, well,' laughed Dostoeief, 'don't be too hard upon crowned heads. It would be a pity indeed if his Majesty the Tsar and Alexander Philipof were to fall out, and all about so trifling a matter as the running away of the Okhotsk regiment!'

'Tsars may make enemies just as easily as flippant hussars,' said Sasha, 'and it is a foolish act in a conceited courtier to make them for him.'

'And a mouse may show its teeth at an elephant,' Dostoeief laughed, 'if it pleases; come Sasha, do not let us quarrel—we are too old friends for that—relatives now, as well. You'd better let me speak to the Tsar about you—I mean

it well! It is better that Olga should not be obliged to own relationship with the officer of a degraded regiment, and I myself'—

'Listen here, Dostoeief,' said Sasha grimly; 'no more about the Okhotsk; I tell you candidly that while I am a member of the regiment—and I intend to hold to it—I shall defend its honour and allow no one—not even the Tsar's *aide-de-camp*—to speak slightly of it. Now you understand me—so let us have no more talk of Tsar's favours and degraded regiments; you may truckle to your Tsar and I shall mind my own business; and as for Olga—since she has married you, thanks to a mistake—I shall expect you to take care of her and not neglect her; her connection with an officer in the Okhotsk regiment will not distress her. As for your own feelings, you may think what you like on the subject.'

And so these new-made cousins parted, after their first meeting as relatives, under a distinct understanding. Olga had retired to bed before the conversation became heated, which was just as well for her peace of mind; and she remained consequently unaware that the prospect of a family quarrel had been very bright indeed at one moment of the evening!

#### ON THE COLLECTING OF AUTOGRAPHS.

HAD not the penny-post been established it could not have been; only the far-seeing mind of Rowland Hill made it possible; and I have sometimes thought that he would have paused could he have realised the suffering that would be indirectly caused by him.

Money-lenders' circulars and advertisements make capital material with which to light fires; begging-letters, when genuine, are either an appeal from the destitute or a misdirected endeavour to do good; but what is to be done with letters which are merely requests for one's autographs?

I remember that I felt rather flattered by the first dozen or so of the curiously worded documents that I received begging me to sign my name, and enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

Well! my only excuse is that I was young, and that it is a long time ago; and I think that all I have since suffered at the hands of the autograph hunter has been a heavy retribution for what was, after all, only boyish vanity. I once compared notes with a celebrated actress, who, unknown to the public, does an enormous amount of charitable work in London; she gives both money and time ungrudgingly whenever she sees the chance of doing good; and for an actress to give her time means an amount of self-sacrifice that the public can scarcely enter into.

It was a bitterly cold day in November, and I found my friend sitting close by the fire, busily writing.

'Wait just one moment,' she said; 'I have only two more to do.'

As she spoke she signed her name rapidly, and then, taking a fresh sheet of paper, repeated the process.

'There! I've done them all; what a blessing,' she exclaimed.

'Autographs, I suppose,' I answered.

'Yes. I only do them, as a rule, once a week; but this afternoon I was not very busy, and I thought I would get them done with.'

I took up some of the half-sheets of paper, and looked at them: most of them had only the words 'Yours truly,' followed by the name; but some of them bore quotations from various poets, especially from Shakespeare.

'Why have you written these?' I asked.

'Oh! these are what I call my two-and-six-pennies,' was the reply.

Then, seeing that I looked mystified, my friend continued:

'Have you not seen it stated in the papers lately that Miss —, being so troubled by constant applications for her autograph, has made a rule not to send it unless a shilling's worth of stamps be enclosed for the — Hospital?'

'Why, you will be as good as an annuity to them.'

'I hope I may be able to collect a nice little sum in a year; but you see, I make any one give a shilling just for my autograph; but I get half a crown each for those with quotations as well as my name.'

'Who chooses the passages?' I asked.

The actress laughed. 'Those who ask for them, of course. Just look at them.'

I did look, and found that a great many were from *Romeo and Juliet*, one or two from *Othello*, and several from *As You Like It*. There were ten begging for lines from Browning, and about a dozen asking for extracts from Tennyson.

I was so impressed by what Miss — told me, that I made some inquiries, and found that autograph-hunting is a regular trade.

As soon as a man or a woman becomes celebrated from any cause, they receive a letter, usually signed with a woman's name, asking for their signature. If a favourable answer is returned and the autograph sent, it is then taken to a dealer and sold. There are several people who make a good living by this business. Writing under various names, and from different addresses, one man may manage to obtain five or six signatures from the same person.

Then there is the genuine autograph-hunter; he openly avows that he writes to every one. One of these human fiends unblushingly informed me that, as a rule, you could safely reckon on getting about one-third of all you applied for.

Those who really take a genuine and sensible interest in autographs do not value them merely on account of their rarity, but for the interest attaching to them. On the other hand, the dealers and those who supply them view each signature and document purely from its money value. These men know the market, and they can tell you the current price of any autograph.

I asked one of them what was the price of a letter from Mr Gladstone. He shook his head regretfully. 'They don't fetch much; he's too fond of postcards; it is a grand chance thrown away. Why, if he'd been careful, like Tennyson, they might have made ten pounds each,' was the reply.

I mentioned two or three other well-known people, and he quoted their prices at once; at

length I asked how Mr Ruskin's autograph sold. He sighed, 'He's dear, for a living one, very. I've had five or six orders come in for him within this last week, and I cannot execute them all; I've had to ask for time.'

'What class do you sell the most of?' I inquired.

'Oh! theatrical people; there is a steady demand for them always.'

'Irving and Ellen Terry sell well, I suppose?'

'Yes. I get more orders for them than for any one else; but there is a great run on Mrs Kendal and Sarah Bernhardt; and you would be astonished if you knew how often I am asked for Toole.'

'Do you do much with artists?' I asked.

'No, not much,' he replied. 'Of course we book a few orders. I had two this morning; one man, a regular customer, wants Noel Paton, and the other one a Millais. We sell more of him than of any of them, but we turn over Alma Tademas fairly well, and there is a slow but steady sale for Leighton. We do a certain amount in Burne Jones and Whistler; but the trade in artists is not brisk—not what I should like to see it, nor what they have a right to expect.'

I asked him what he did in the musical world, and he owned that there things looked brighter. 'We do a good deal in Patti's; yes, I may say we do really well in them; Joachim sells surely, if a trifle slowly; and there is a brisk demand for Albanis. Norman Neruda has a steady value, and we do a very fair thing in Antoinette Sterlings.'

In reply to some further questions my informant told me that when Gilbert and Sullivan were working together the demand for those in the caste at the Savoy was very great.

'I've had as many as ten separate orders in a morning for all the principal parts.'

I asked who sold best in the world of literature, and he said novelists as a rule.

'But,' he added, 'they vary so. Now at one time I did a great trade in William Black's, but there is not such a demand for him now. I do a fair business in Miss Braddons; she is always on demand, and the sale for her is steady. Lately there has been a very good thing to be made with Rudyard Kiplings; and there is a fair demand for Barrie; I send a good many of them to Scotland.'

I inquired whether he was ever asked for George Meredith's autograph.

'Well, yes, I'm asked for it now and again; the really serious collectors go in for it; but it is not, so to speak, quotable, not on the market in a regular way. You seem interested in this sort of thing,' he added.

I said that I was, and he then went on to explain that there were some couple of dozen people in England who went in for autographs seriously and systematically. 'All the dealers know them; there are people on my books now to whom I send a monthly list of my stock, not the catalogue for the general public; these additions to my list only go into that when looked over by my regular customers, who order what they want, and also tell me to look out for special things for them. Long before a man becomes in great demand these collectors have secured him, not a mere autograph, but a letter; often a very interesting one. There is one of my customers



who has three huge folios, like large atlases, full of autographs. I forget the date of the earliest, but I know he has Christopher Columbus. He has some Cromwells, most of them printed by Carlyle; his letters are not very commonly to be met with, but his mere autograph is not very valuable; but the man I am speaking of has got a signature of Cromwell's father, a wonderfully valuable thing. There is only one other now known, so far as I am aware, but of course it may turn up any day.

'I did not know any letters from the Protector's father existed,' I said.

'No! How should you know, unless by chance? But, you see, it is my business to have this sort of information. I only wish,' he added, 'that a few of Shakespeare's would turn up; he *must* have written letters, like any one else, if only one could have been preserved. I am not exaggerating when I say that if I could put on the market a genuine, undoubted letter of his, I could get what I like for it. I should not expect to make less than four thousand pounds by it, and perhaps more. I would not take less than fifteen hundred for his mere signature.'

'I suppose if these were to come to light they would go to America?' I said.

'I think not,' he replied. 'I know at least three people who would do their best to prevent that; though if one of the three persons whom I am speaking of got them, they would go to Paris, and I don't like Paris for such very rare things; not a steady enough government to be quite safe for this class of article. Too revolutionary; given to burning things, now and then, you know.'

'Do you go in for foreign autographs?' I inquired.

'Yes, to a certain extent I do—that is, for my regular clients—but I don't speculate in them. If a client of mine wants the autograph of a living person, I of course get it; and I have agents abroad who are constantly on the look-out for autographs for me. I give them lists; but these lists, as a rule, are only those I've orders for and the price I will go to for each specimen. Take Cardinal Mazarin. I have two orders for him now, and my agents are on the look-out, but I should not speculate in him on my own account. The great collectors want him, but the smaller ones care nothing about such a man, and I dare not give the price he makes unless I know of a customer.'

'How do you know whom to speculate in?' I asked.

'Well, it is difficult to judge, but we keep a close watch on things. One way is to see what books are coming out, and when one is announced as nearly ready by any one whom we think will sell well, we set to work and lay in a stock of his autographs before the book is published and the demand begins. Of course a suddenly-made reputation places us very awkwardly; for weeks I was unable to meet the demand created by *John Inglesant*.'

'I suppose the great success of *Robert Elsmere* found you in a similarly unprepared condition?' I observed.

'Well, no, not to such an extent. As soon as I saw that Mr Gladstone was going to review it in the *Nineteenth Century*, I got as many Mrs Humphry Wards as I could, at a certain price;

then, when I had read the review, which I did the day it came out, I at once telegraphed to all my agents to buy her up at any price. In a week the run began, and for the next six months the sale was very brisk. I had bought cheaply, and sold dearly. Excepting to oblige other dealers, I never sold one for less than eight times what I gave for it.

'Then, again, at times we get a good deal of help from outsiders. A customer of mine, a man who is well known in politics and society, comes occasionally to look over what I have got, and he will tell me sometimes to go in for certain people. I never ask why, *but I do it*, and I never found him wrong.

'I will give you an instance of what I mean. We had done a good thing in Parnells during the *Times* case, but after it was over the demand dropped down to its normal standard again.

'Well, one day the man I have spoken of came, and after we had talked a little, and I had shown him one or two rare foreigners, he said, "If I were you I'd lay in a stock of Parnells, unless you have a big lot in hand." I asked no questions, but by that night's post I sent orders to all my agents, and so we were ready for the run when it came a second time, and it was a bigger thing than the first had been. While those scenes were going on in Committee Room No. 15, even I, who was prepared, could scarcely keep going, and most of the trade were buying up Parnells at simply fancy prices; for during a regular "run" we don't oblige each other, only as a rule when the demand is normal.

'Then, again, there are the people whom one has obliged; they will generally do us a good turn if they can.'

'Do you mean the other dealers?' I asked.

'No; I mean private individuals. It is in this way: a certain percentage of letters containing an account of family affairs or matters of private interest get out; how they do I cannot say for certain, but one theory is that they are stolen to sell.

'As soon as one of these letters comes into the hands of any respectable member of the trade, he at once sends it to the writer, if alive; if not, to his representative, and explains how he became possessed of it. There is often a cheque returned, and almost always a carefully worded letter of thanks, and the writer will generally do us a good turn afterwards if he can. I could give you the name of a man who never misses the chance of letting me know of a good thing, because I once returned him a letter he had written to a brother of his commenting on the conduct of a nephew of theirs. A man who has all the gossip of the London clubs at his finger's end, and who understands a certain amount about politics, can be very useful in a business like ours if he will take the trouble to be so.'

'I had no idea that autograph-collecting was reduced to such a regular system,' I said.

'No,' was the reply; 'very few people have any idea of the matter from the dealer's point of view. The public get what they want at sales, or through us, or by begging, but they do not realise that to deal in autographs requires an immense amount of knowledge of a peculiar kind, and that great care and forethought have to be exercised

if the business is to pay ; but it is work I like, and I think no one, dealer or collector, can go in for autographs without getting to be very fond of the thing.'

### PRESTER JOHN.

By JOHN BUCHAN.

'Or he, who in the wilderness, where no man travels and few may live, dwelled in all good reason and kindness.'

*Chronicle of S. Jean de Remy.*

THE exact tale of my misadventure on that September day I can scarcely now remember. One thing I have clear in my mind—the weather. For it was in that curious time of year when autumn's caprices reach their height either in the loveliest of skies or a resolute storm. Now it was the latter, and for two days the clear tints of the season had been drowned in monotonous gray. The mighty hill-streams came down like fields in breadth, and when the wind ceased for a time, the roar of many waters was heard in the land. Ragged leaves blocked the path, heather and bracken were sodden as the meadow turf, and the mountain backs were now shrouded to their bases in mist, and now looming ominous and near in a pause of the shifting wrack.

In the third day of the weather I was tempted by the Evil One and went a-fishing. The attempt was futile, and I knew it, for the streams were boiling like a caldron, and no man may take fish in such a water. Nevertheless the blustering air and the infinite distance of shadowy hill-top took hold on me so that I could not choose but face the storm. And, once outside, the north wind slashed and buffeted me till my breath was almost gone ; and when I came to the river's edge, I looked down on an acre of churning foam and mountainous wave.

Now, the way of the place is this. The Gled comes down from flat desolate moorlands to the narrower glen, which in turn opens upon the great river of the country-side. On the left it is bounded by gentle slopes of brown heather, which sink after some score of miles into the fields of a plain ; but to the right there lies a tract of fierce country, rugged and scarred with torrents ; while at the back of all rise the pathless hills which cradle the Callowa and the Aller. It is a land wild on the fairest summer noon, but in the autumn storms it is black as a pit and impregnable as a fortress.

As ill-fortune would have it, I raised a good fish in my first pool, ran it, and lost it in a tangle of driftwood. What with the excitement and the stinging air my blood grew high. I laughed in the face of the heavens, and wrestled in the gale's teeth for four miles up-stream. It was the purest madness, for my casting-line was blown out of the water at almost every gust, and never another fish looked near me. But the keenness abode with me, and so it happened that about midday I stood at the foot of the glen whence the Cauldshaw burn pours its troubled waters to the Gled.

Something in the quiet strength of the great brown flood attracted me against my better judgment. I persuaded myself that in this narrower vale there must be some measure of shelter, and that in its silent pools there were chances of fish.

So, with a fine sense of the adventurous, I turned to the right and struck up by the green meadowlands and the lipping water. Before me was a bank of mist ; but even as I looked it opened, and a line of monstrous blue shoulders, ribbed and serrated with a thousand gullies, frowned on my path. The sight put new energy into my limbs. These were the hills which loomed far to the distant lowlands, which few ever climbed, and at whose back lay a land almost unknown to man. I named them to myself with the names which had always been like music to my ear—Craigcreich, the Yirnie, the two Muneraws, and the awful precipice of the Dreichil. With zest I fell to my fishing, and came in a little to the place where the vale ceased and the gorge began.

Here for the first time my efforts prospered, and I had one, two, and three out of the inky pots, which the spate had ringed and dappled with foam. Then, from some unknown cause, the wind fell, and there succeeded the silence which comes from a soaked and dripping world. I fished on and on, but the stillness oppressed me, and the straight craigs, tipped with heather and black with ooze, struck me with something like awe.

Then, ere I knew, I had come to the edge of the gorge, and was out on the peat-moss which gives the Cauldshaw its birth. Once more there came a clearing in the mist, and hill-faces looked out a little nearer, a little more awful. Just beyond that moss lay their foot, and over that barrier of heath and crag lay a new land which I had not yet seen, and scarcely heard of. Suddenly my whole purpose changed. Storm or no storm, I would climb the ridge and look down on the other side. At the top of the little Muneraw there rose two streams—one, the Callowa, which flowed to the haughlands and meadows of the low country ; the other, the Aller, which fought its way to the very centre of the black deserts, and issued some fifty miles distant on another seaboard. I would reach the top, haply see the sight I had often longed for, and then take my weary way down the Callowa home.

So, putting up my rod and strapping tight my creel, I set my face to the knuckle of these mountains which loomed beyond the bog. How I crossed that treacherous land I can scarcely tell, for the rain had left great lagoons which covered shifting sand and clinging mud. Twice I was bogged to my knees, but by dint of many flying leaps from heather to heather, and many lowly scrambles over loose peat, I came to the hard ground whence the slope began. Here I rested, panting, marvelling greatly at my foolhardiness and folly. When honest men were dwelling in comfort at home, I in my fool's heart chose to be playing cantrips among mosses and scours and pathless rocks. I was already soaked and half tired, so in no great bodily ease I set myself to the ascent.

In two hours I had toiled to the front shoulder of the Muneraw, and sat looking down on a pit of mist whence three black lochs gleamed faint and shadowy. The place was hushed save for the croak of ravens and the rare scream of a hawk. Curlews and plovers were left far below ; the place was too wild for rushes or bracken ; and nothing met the eye but stunted heather, gray lichen-clad boulders, and dark craigs streaked with the fall of streams. I loosened a stone and

sent it hurling to the loch below, and in a trice the air was thick with echoes of splash and rush and splinter.

Then once more I set my face to the steep and scrambled upward. And now there came to trouble me that very accident which I most feared; for the wind brought the accursed mist down on me like a plaid, and I struggled through utter blindness. The thickness of mirk is bad enough, but the thickness of white, illimitable ether is worse a thousandfold, for it closes the eye and mazes the wits. I kept as straight as might be for what I knew was the head of the hill, and now upon great banks of rotten granite, now upon almost sheer crags, I made my track. In maybe an hour the steepness ceased, and I lay and panted on a flat bed of shingle, while the clammy mist drenched me to the bone.

Now for the first time I began to repent of my journey, and took grace to regret my madcap ploy. For the full perils of the place began to dawn upon me. I was here, in this dismal weather, a score of miles from any village, and nigh half as many from the nearest human habitation. A sprain or a broken limb would mean death, and at any moment I might step over a cliff-face into eternity. My one course of safety lay in finding the Callowa springs, and following the trickle to the glens. The way was long, but it was safe, and sooner or later I must come to a dwelling-house.

I knew well that the Callowa rose on the south side of the Muneraw, and the Aller somewhere on the north. But I had lost all sense of direction, I had no compass, and had it not been for the wind, I should have been without guidance. But I remembered that it had blown clear from the north on all my way up the Gled, and now, as I felt its sting on my cheek, I turned with it to what I guessed to be the south. With some satisfaction I began to descend, now sliding for yards, now falling suddenly in a rocky pool, whence a trickle issued among a chaos of stones. Once I came to a high fall, which must have been wonderful indeed had the water been of any size, but was now no more than a silver thread on a great gray face. Sometimes I found myself in ravines where the huge sides seemed to mock the tiny brawling water. A lurking fear began to grow upon me. Hitherto I had found no loch, though I had gone for miles. Now, though I had never been at Callowa head, I had seen it afar off, and knew that the Back Loch o' the Muneraw lay near the source. But now the glen was opening, peat and heather were taking the place of stone, and yet I had seen no gleam of water.

I sat down to consider, and even as I looked the mist drew back again. And this was what I saw. Brown bog lay flat down a valley, with a stream in its midst making leaden pools. Now there are bogs and bogs, and some are harmless enough; but there was that in the look of this which I could not like. Some two miles down the stream turned, and a ridge of dark and craggy hills fronted the eye. Their edges were jagged, and their inky face was seamed and crossed with a thousand little cataraacts. And beneath their shadow lay the cruel moss, with flows and lochs scattered over it like a map on a child's slate.

To my wonder, in the very lee of the hill I saw what seemed to be a cottage. There was a stunted tree, a piece of stone wall, and a plain

glimpse of a gray gable-end. Then I knew whither I had come. The wind had changed. I had followed north for south, and struck the Aller instead of the Callowa. I could not return over that fierce hill and these interminable moorland miles. There was naught to be done save to make for the stones, which might be a dwelling. If the place was ruined, I would even sleep the night in its shelter, and strive to return in the morning. If it was still dwelled in, there was hope of supper and bed. I had always heard of the Aller as the wildest of all waters, flowing, for most of its course, in a mossland untenanted of man. Something of curiosity took me, in spite of my weariness, to meet with a dweller in this desert. And always as I looked at the black hills I shuddered, for I had heard men tell of the Caldron, where no sheep ever strayed, and in whose sheer-falling waters no fish could live.

I have rarely felt a more awful eeriness than in crossing that monstrous bog. I struck far from the stream, for the Aller, which had begun as a torrent, had sunk into links of unfathomable moss-holes. The darkening was coming on, the grim hills stood out more stark and cruel, and the smell of water clung to my nostrils like the odour of salt to a half-drowned man. Forthwith I fell into the most violent ill-temper with myself and my surroundings. At last there was like to be an end of my aimless wanderings, and unless I got through the moss by nightfall, I should never see the morning. The thought nerved me to frantic endeavour. I was dog-tired and soaked to the marrow, but I plunged and struggled from tussock to tussock and through long black reaches of peat. Anything green or white I shunned, for I had lived too long in wildernesses to be ignorant that in the ugly black and brown lay my safety.

By-and-by the dusk came, and a light was kindled in the cottage, at which sign of habitation I greatly rejoiced. It gave me new heart, and when I came to a more level place I ran as well as my wearied legs would suffer me. Then for my discomfiture I fell into a great bed of peat, and came out exceeding dirty. Still the flare grew nearer, and at last, about seven o'clock, just at the thickening of darkness, I reached a stone wall and a house-end.

At the sound of my feet the door was thrown open, and a string of collies rushed out to devour me. At their tail came the master of the place, a man bent and thin, with a beard ragged and torn with all weathers, and a great scarred face roughly brown with the hill air and the reek of peat.

'Can I stay?'—I began, but my words were drowned in his loud tone of welcome.

'How in the world did ye get here, man? Come in, come in; ye'll be fair perished.'

He caught me by the arm and dragged me into the single room which formed his dwelling. Half-a-dozen hens, escaping from the hutch which was their abode, sat modestly in corners, and from a neighbouring shed came the lowing of a cow. The place was so filled with blue fine smoke that my eyes were dazed, and it was not till I sat in a chair by a glowing fire of peats that I could discern the outlines of the roof. The rafters were black and finely polished as old oak, and the floor was flagged with the gray stones of

the moor. A stretch of sacking did duty for a rug, and there the tangle of dogs stretched itself to sleep. The furnishing was of the rudest, for it was brought on horseback over barren hills, and such a portage needs the stoutest of timber. But who can tell of the infinite complexity of the odour which filled the air, the pungency of peat, varied with a whiff of the snell night without and the comfortable fragrance of food?

Meat he set before me, scones and oaten-cakes, and tea brewed as strong as spirits. He had not seen loaf-bread, he told me, since the spring, when a shepherd from the Back o' the Caldron came over about some sheep, and had a loaf-end for his dinner. Then, when I was something recovered, I sat again in the fireside chair, and over pipes of the strongest black we held high converse.

'Wife!' he said, when I asked him if he dwelt alone; 'na, na, nae woman-body for me. I bide mysel', and bake my bakings, and shoo my breeks when they need it. A wife wad be a puir convenience in this pairt o' the world. I come in at night, and I dae as I like, and I gang out in the mornings, and there's naeboddy to care for. I can milk the coo mysel', and feed the hens, and there's little else that a man need dae.'

I asked him if he came often to the lowlands.

'Is't like,' said he, 'when there's twenty mile o' thick heather and shairp rock atween you and a level road? I naether gang there, nor do the folk there fash me here. I havena been at the kirk for ten 'ear, no since my faither de'd; and though the minister o' Gledsmuir, honest man, tries to win here every spring, it's no' often he gets the length. Twice in the 'ear I gang far awa' wi' sheep, when I spain the lambs in the month o' August, and draw the crocks in the back-end. I'm expectin' every day to get word to tak' off the yowes.'

'And how do you get word?' I asked.

'Weel, the post comes up the road to the foot o' the Gled. Syne some o' the fairmers up the water tak' up a letter and leave it at the foot o' the Cauldshaw Burn. A fisher, like yersel', maybe, brings it up the glen and draps it at the herd's cottage o' the Front Muneraw, whaur it lies till the herd, Simon Wruddock, tak's it wi' him on his rounds. Noo, twice every week he passes the tap o' the Aller, and I've gotten a cairn there, whaur he hides it in an auld tin box among the stanes. Twice a week I gang up that way mysel', and find onything that's lyin'. Oh, I'm no' ill off for letters; I get them in about a week, if there's no' a snowstorm.'

The man leant forward to put a fresh coal to his pipe, and I marked his eyes, begrimed with peat smoke, but keen as a hawk's, and the ragged, ill-patched homespun of his dress. I thought of the good folk in the lowlands and the cities who hugged their fancies of simple Arcadian shepherds, who, in decent cottage, surrounded by a smiling family, read God's Word of a Saturday night. In the rugged man before me I found some hint of the truth.

'And how do you spend your days?' I asked. 'Did you never think of trying a more kindly country-side?'

He looked at me long and quizzically.

'Yince,' he said, 'I served a maister, a bit flesher-body doun at Gled-foot. He was aye biddin' me dae odd jobs about the toun, and I

couldna thole it, for I'm a herd, and my wark's wi' sheep. Noo I serve the Yerl o' Callowa, and there's no' a body dare say a word to me; but I manage things according to my ain guid judgement, wi'oot ony "by your leave." And whiles I've the best o' company, for yince or twice the Yerl has bided here a' nicht, when he was fore-wandered shooting amang the muirs.'

But I was scarce listening, so busy was I in trying to picture an existence which meant incessant wanderings all day among the wilds, and firelit evenings, with no company but dogs. I asked him if he ever read.

'I ha'e a Bible,' he said doubtfully, 'and I whiles tak' a spell at it to see if I remember my schulin'. But I'm no keen on books o' ony kind.'

'Then what in the name of goodness do you do?' said I.

Then his tongue was unloosed, and he told me the burden of his days; how he loved all weather, fighting a storm for the fight's sake, and glorying in the conquest; how he would trap blue hares and shoot wild-fowl—for had he not the Earl's leave?—and now and then kill a deer strayed among the snow. He was full of old tales of the place, learned from a thousand odd sources, of queer things that happened in these eternal deserts, and queer sights which he and others than himself had seen at dawning and sunset. Some day I will put them all down in a book, but then I will inscribe it to children and label it fantasy, for no one would believe them if told with the circumstance of truth. But, above all, he gloried in the tale of the changes of sky and earth, and the multitudinous lore of the hills. I heard of storms when the thunder echoed in the Caldron like the bleating of great sheep, and the man sat still at home in terror. He told with solemn eyes of the coming of snow, of masterful floods in the Aller, when the dead sheep came down and butted, as he said, with their foreheads against his house-wall. His voice grew high, and his figure, seen in the red glare of the peats, was like some creature of a tale.

But in time the fire sank, the dogs slumbered, our pipes went out, and he showed me my bed. It was in the garret, which you entered by a trap from the shed below. The one window had been shattered by some storm and boarded up with planks, through whose crevices I could see the driving mist and the bog lying dead under cover of night. I slept on rough blankets of homespun, and ere I lay down, in looking round the place, I came upon a book stuck fast between the rafters and the wall. It was the Bible, used to brush up the shepherd's learning, and for the sake of his chances hereafter I dragged it forth and blew the dust from it.

In the morning the mist had gone, and a blue sky shone out, over which sudden gusts swept like boats on a loch. The damp earth still reeked of rain; and as I stood at the door and watched the Aller, now one line of billows, strive impetuous through the bog-land, and the hills gleam in the dawning like wet jewels, I no more wondered at the shepherd's choice. He came down from a morning's round, his voice bellowing across the uplands, and hailed me from afar. 'The hills are no vera dry,' he said, 'but they might be passed; and if I was sure I wadna bide, he wad



set me on my way.' So in a little I followed his great strides through the moss and up the hill-shoulder, till in two hours I was breathing hard on the Dreichil summit, and looking down on awful crags, which dropped sheerly to a tarn. Here he stopped, and, looking far over the chaos of ridges, gave me my directions.

'Ye see yon muckle soo-backit hill—yon's the Yirnie Clench, and if ye keep along the taps ye'll come to it in an 'oor's time. Gang down the far shouther o't, and ye'll see a burn which flows into a loch; gang on to the loch-foot, and ye'll see a great deep hole in the hillside, what they ca' the Nick o' the Hurlstanes; gang through it, and ye'll strike the Criven Burn, which flows into the Callowa; gang down that water till it joins the Gled, and syne ye're no' abune ten mile from whaur ye're bidin'. So guid-day to ye.'

And with these lucid words he left me and took his swinging path across the hill.

### SOME REMARKABLE HABITS OF INSECTS.

By PERCY HALL GRIMSHAW.

IN our quest for knowledge of the animal kingdom we are constantly coming across the most curious habits of life; but nowhere do we find them more varied and interesting than among members of the insect world. We are all more or less familiar with the habits of certain members of this class of animals, such as the ant or the honey-bee, for whole volumes have been written about such well-known creatures; but there still remain a host of insects whose habits are equally interesting and wonderful, though not, perhaps, so generally known. Let us, therefore, take a few examples at random from the various orders into which insects are classified, and consider briefly how some of their time is occupied during the short period in which they are permitted to enjoy the pleasures of life.

In most of their actions we are led to understand that insects are guided by mere instinct, an incentive force which the dictionary defines as 'a natural impulse in animals, by which they are impelled to do what is necessary for existence, independently of instruction and experience.' In some of the cases to be presently considered, however, it will be found difficult to say how far the blind force of instinct is responsible, and where reason steps in, so clearly do the habits described seem to indicate the workings of intelligence.

Take, for example, those cases in which insects, free to fly anywhere and everywhere, seek out most carefully and particularly places in which to lay their eggs, so that the young when hatched shall find close at hand exactly the proper kind of food adapted for them. Such cases are really so numerous that it is difficult to decide upon examples to illustrate this point. Most of our butterflies, for instance, are very careful in selecting a particular kind of plant upon which to deposit their eggs, and this habit is so constant that it is almost useless for the entomologist in search of eggs or young caterpillars to examine any other species of plant than the one indicated in his text-book. Thus the well-known tortoiseshell butterfly always lays its eggs in an irregular heap on the under-side of a nettle leaf, so that

the newly-born caterpillars have nothing further to do but commence feeding at once—their food being all around them and in sufficient abundance to enable them to attain their full size without leaving the place where they are born. Again there is a kind of two-winged fly, commonly found in gardens, whose grub feeds upon the aphid or green-fly, and this insect has the instinct to lay each of its eggs *singly* in the midst of a number of these helpless and unsuspecting creatures. The young grub is devoid of legs, and indeed does not require organs of locomotion, for it has only to stretch out its body in every direction to secure plenty of food.

But surely the habits just mentioned are eclipsed by those of certain kinds of wasps, which burrow in the ground, in wool, or in other soft materials. After excavating a hole with its feet, which are admirably adapted for digging purposes, the mother-wasp flies off to secure spiders, flies, caterpillars, and all sorts of small insects, with which it furnishes the home of its progeny. These struggling items for the larder it stings, sometimes to death, but often only partially, so that, being merely paralysed, they live on, unable to move or injure the eggs which are then laid near them. By this means a supply of what we might very well call 'fresh meat' is ready for the future grub, which usually goes through all its transformations within the burrow, only coming out on attaining the perfect and winged state.

We cannot leave this part of our subject without mentioning one more remarkable case of maternal care and instinct—namely, that of the carpenter-bee, a large and handsome insect, with lovely purple iridescent wings, found in the south of Europe and in tropical countries. The female scrapes out in a wooden post or paling a cylindrical tunnel, sometimes as much as fifteen inches in length and half-an-inch in diameter. This laborious undertaking is necessarily the work of several days. An egg is then laid at the bottom of the tube, and this the bee carefully shuts off by constructing a sort of ceiling out of the particles of sawdust which have accumulated on the ground as the result of the boring operations. This ceiling forms the floor of another cell or chamber lying immediately above the first one, and an egg is laid in this cell likewise. This process is repeated until the whole tube is divided into ten or a dozen compartments, each containing a single egg. As a consequence, however, of this peculiar method of nest-building, the egg laid at the bottom of the tube is the oldest, possibly by days, and hence hatches first. How, then, is the bee, when full-grown, to find its way out of the tube without disturbing its companions? As if aware of this difficulty, the mother-bee, with remarkable foresight, has already constructed an orifice at the farther end of the tube, through which the new-born bees can crawl out in succession. What is still more remarkable, by a very curious instinct, the grubs, when about to enter the quiescent or pupal stage, place themselves, if not already in that position, with their heads downwards, and thus each newly matured bee is enabled to pierce the partition immediately below it, and so work its way out of the old home without disturbing the companions of its youth.

In securing their food-supply certain insects assume very remarkable habits. Not the least interesting example is that of the larva of the ant-lion, a creature about half-an-inch in length, but in proportion to its size of a very formidable appearance, owing to the great curved jaws with which its mouth is armed. As its name implies, this grub feeds mainly upon ants, and the method in which it secures these active creatures is quite unique. An inhabitant of sandy places, it digs out in the loose sand a deep, conical pit, performing this operation in a most methodical and scientific manner. The *modus operandi* is as follows: First tracing out a circle in the sand, the little creature takes up a position just within the line, and pushing the hinder part of its body under the surface, loads its broad, flat head with sand, using one of its fore-legs as a shovel. Then, by a jerk of the head, the little shovelful of sand is thrown to the outside of the circle. Moving backwards along the line, this process is repeated until, by working round and round, and gradually getting nearer the centre, a circular pit is excavated more than two inches deep and about three inches across the top. Now the larva buries itself at the bottom of the pit, and lies quietly and patiently with only its jaws visible until some poor unsuspecting but curious ant, coming along in its usual hurry to the edge of the pit, steps just a little too far and slips over the fatal brink. Owing to the very loose nature of the sand, the struggles of the ant only result in its slipping farther downwards, until the ever-ready jaws of our hungry grub seize the expected but unsuspecting victim and make short work of it, sucking it dry and throwing the carcass well over the sides of the pit, so as not to betray to future passers-by the secrets of this curious trap.

And now let us turn our attention to some curious habits assumed by insects as a means of defence. The dangers to which these small creatures are exposed are very numerous and varied in their character, and so we find the methods of securing safety correspondingly manifold. A common device by which protection is obtained is by feigning death; some beetles, for example, possessing the habit of curling themselves up or tucking in their legs under their bodies, and falling off the leaf or twig where they happen to be situated on to the ground, where they lie quite motionless until the danger is past. The assimilation of the colour of such beetles to their surroundings is also a material aid in the deception of their enemies; but still better instances of concealment by protective resemblance, as this method is called, are to be found. The caterpillars of a certain group of moths known as geometers or 'loopers,' from the peculiar way in which they seem to measure out the ground as they walk, have a most remarkable resemblance to the twigs of the plant upon which they are found, and this deception is further increased by a most curious habit, possessed by these creatures, of holding on to the branch or twig by the short, clasping legs which are situated at the extreme end of the body, and sticking out at an angle in quite a stiff and rigid position. Thus it generally requires the keen and well-trained eye of an experienced entomologist to detect the presence and nature of these animal twigs.

Again, the well-known case of the leaf-butter-

fly of India is an extremely interesting instance of protection by passive means. On the upper surface this handsome butterfly is quite brightly coloured, being of a beautiful purplish blue crossed by a band of orange. The wings underneath, however, are of a dull brown, and vary in shade in nearly every individual. Now nearly all butterflies when at rest fold up their wings over the back, so that the upper surface is entirely hidden, and so when our butterfly settles on a twig it becomes a close imitator of the leaves which surround it, not only by reason of its colour, but also as a result of its peculiar shape. Each of the hind-wings is drawn out to a point which is almost black underneath, and the two points, fitting exactly together and just touching the twig, form a veritable stalk to this wonderful leaf. Even the spots of mould and decayed holes so commonly seen in dead leaves are exactly imitated, so that altogether this insect is a marvellous mimic, and to be justly regarded as one of the most interesting cases of adaptation to surroundings in the whole realm of nature.

Often, however, a more active way of escaping from or dealing with their enemies is adopted by members of the insect world, and the use of stinging organs like those of bees and wasps is perhaps the best-known example. But there are other methods very different from this, and just one of these may be given in illustration.

The caterpillar of the puss-moth, quite a common insect in this country, has a most effective way of defending itself, and may prove, as we shall presently see, dangerous even to human beings. This well-protected caterpillar is provided between its head and fore-legs with a cleft, from which it can protrude an organ capable of squirting out a quantity of very acid fluid to a considerable distance, and when alarmed it habitually makes use of this formidable weapon. In one of the entomological magazines a correspondent states that he was observing some of these caterpillars in captivity, when he happened to disturb one, and it suddenly squirted out a quantity of fluid in a jet, which struck one of his eyeballs, though his head at the time was quite two feet away from the insect. He rushed off in great agony to a doctor, who told him that the eyeball was in a very dangerous condition. His eye was totally blind for hours after the occurrence, and it was some days before he finally recovered. What the effect of this fluid must be upon smaller creatures we leave our readers to imagine!

Our brief sketch of the curious habits possessed by some members of the vast assemblage of insects, of which no less than 230,000 different kinds are at present known to naturalists, must not be closed without some reference to their methods of locomotion. They creep, walk, run, jump, fly, and even swim, and the remarkable manner in which their legs and wings are modified for these various modes of progression would alone furnish material sufficient to fill a bulky volume. The hind-legs of a flea or grasshopper, for example, the legs of the swiftly-running tiger-beetle, the expansive wings of a moth or butterfly, or the oar-like hind-legs of some of the water-bugs are each of them an instance of the close relationship which exists between the structure of an organ and its function. Had we unlimited space at our

disposal we might discourse at considerable length on many curious methods of progression in each order of insects; but we must refrain. Let us, therefore, conclude by mentioning as briefly as possible two curious cases in which exceedingly minute insects swim, not merely on the surface of water, like most of the class which take to this habit, but actually through it. Here we meet with a remarkable instance of an organ being totally diverted from its ordinary functions to meet special requirements, for one of these tiny creatures is found in pond-water swimming about *by means of its wings!* It can live for several hours in the water without inconvenience, although it only possesses the ordinary breathing tubes characteristic of insects generally. The other insect to which we have alluded is closely related to the first one; but when under water it swims by using its legs as cars, holding its wings quite motionless.

With this example we must take leave of our readers, merely recommending to them a further search into the secrets of Nature, especially as revealed to entomologists; for, in the words of Fleming, 'it is evident that the general tendency of the study is to lead us from the admiration of the works to the contemplation of their Author; to teach us to look through Nature up to Nature's God. It is a study which terminates in the conviction, the knowledge, and the adoration of that Being to whom we owe everything that we enjoy.'

#### MEDICINE BAGS.

THE practice of wearing about the person something to ward off or to cure disease appears to be universal. Among the ignorant and superstitious this still takes the form of an amulet, which may consist of a bit of bone or a dead spider, or of some sacred relic blessed by priest or pope. Pliny recommended the dust in which a hawk has bathed itself, tied up in a linen cloth with a red string and attached to the body, as a remedy for fever; or a caterpillar similarly used might have the same effect.

The Romans wore *bullæ* as a protection from evils, and it may be safely asserted that in all ages and all countries similar amulets or charms have been worn as 'medicine.' Even the change of religion from Paganism to Christianity did not do away with the superstitious use of charms, but only substituted relics of saints for the older bones and teeth of men and animals; and it is often amusing to read accounts of the doings in this respect of early missionaries among savages, especially in Africa.

In Merolla's *Voyage to the Congo*, we are told that the wizards bound the children with certain cords, 'at the same time hanging round their necks bones and teeth of divers animals, being preservatives, as they say, against the power of any disease.' The Catholic missionaries ordered women who brought their children to be baptised wearing these cords to be whipped; but the mother was at the same time enjoined 'to wear religious relics instead of wizards' mats, to bind their infants with cords made of palm-leaves, consecrated on Palm

Sunday, and to guard them with other such relics as we are accustomed to make use of at the time of baptism.' Physicians meanwhile encouraged the use of medicine bags containing strong-smelling drugs as a means of preventing those terrible diseases prevalent during centuries when sanitary science was unknown; and indeed it may be said that, even at the present day, medicine bags of eucalyptus, camphor, or other disinfectants continue to be worn as prophylactics, even by the most highly educated among ourselves, whilst among savages there is almost always some therapeutic element mingled with the amulet in the medicine bag.

Cook, in his first voyage to New Zealand, speaks of little bags of perfume worn by the Maoris round their necks; and it would seem, from the observations of Colenso, as given in the *Transactions* of the New Zealand Institute, that these little satchels or medicine bags contain four perfumes—a sweet-scented moss, a fragrant fern, an odoriferous gum, and *taramea*.

The *taramea* is the amulet or talisman; it is a gum procured from a rare and very prickly-leaved alpine plant, collected with great difficulty and with many superstitious ceremonies, and is said to be obtainable only by young virgins after many prayers, charms, &c., recited by the priest or medicine man.

The medicine bags of the natives of Africa are not so simple as those of the New Zealanders, perhaps because the purposes for which they are required are more complicated. Of these the cure of disease is the least, and the making of rain the most important.

Mr Holden gives the contents of the rain-maker's medicine bag as 'charcoal made of bats; inspissated renal deposit of the mountain coney, which is used medicinally in the shape of pills, as a good anti-spasmodic; jackals' livers, baboons' and lions' hearts, hairy calculi from the bowels of old cows, serpents' skins and vertebrae, and every kind of tuber, root, and plant to be found in the country' (*Kaffir Races*, p. 310). Among the Zulus and Matabele, the kings are the chief medicine men, and a description is given of King Lo Bengula when busily engaged in making medicine on the great Feast-day of the Matabele, in a special hut prepared for the purpose.

The king of Swaziland is also high-priest, prophet, and rain-maker to his people; and, as Mr Mather says in his *Golden South Africa*: 'In a bag of goatskin in his own special hut he has treasures—all sorts of odds and ends. A peep into that bag discloses knuckle-bones of men and beasts, pieces of dried flesh, bits of hair, roots and stalks of plants, rocks, scraps of broken bottles, together with an old tattered photograph or two. When rain is wanted Umbandine gets his queer bag out. He calls one or two witch-doctors to attend him, and then performs some tricks. An ox is sacrificed, after which his Majesty declares that it will rain.'

In this multitude of charms the idea of medicine as a cure for disease seems to be entirely lost sight of; but probably some of them may be used internally, for roots and stalks of plants usually figure among them. For it may be observed that savages have everywhere discovered the medicinal uses of their native roots

and plants, and have in many instances initiated Europeans in their virtues. The Kaffirs always carry and use the root of the male fern as an anthelmintic, and there is a certain root known among the Dutch at the Cape as 'David's Root,' eagerly sought by the Hottentots and Bushmen, and dug up by them with much ceremony, when the sun is at a particular point in the heavens, the digger using many precautions that his or her shadow may not rest upon it. This root is a powerful tonic, and is used by them as such, and from them has been transferred to European medicine-chests. These untutored savages know also the value of mints as nerve soothers, and employ the leaves of a native mint to bind upon the head in case of headache. We might, indeed, cite instances innumerable in which valuable plants have been introduced into our pharmacopœia from native sources, but will only mention the coca, now so highly prized, which has been in use in Central America and Mexico for who shall say how many centuries.

The American Indians are perhaps of all races the most addicted to the superstitious use of 'medicine.' The medicine bag is with them an essential of manhood, only acquired after their initiatory fasting, when, having dreamt of the animal henceforth destined to be their totem, its likeness is drawn on bark and hung round the neck, or put in a bag either of the skin of this totem, or of other skin made to resemble it in form, which henceforth contains all the medicine necessary in war or the chase. The bag of the medicine man contains also numerous herbs, sticks, and crystals of special use in healing the sick or bringing rain or other desired blessings.

Among certain tribes there are sacred bags belonging to the tribe, guarded by appointed warriors, which are looked upon as possessed of magical powers, and which are consulted as fetiches upon grand occasions.

Among the Omahas, for example, there are five of these bags, filled with feathers of different birds sacred to the thunder god. Each of these has a special guardian whose sole work is to bear the bag; and when council is held, the bags are placed in the centre of a circle of warriors and opened by their several bearers, the beak of the bird, of which each is composed, being always turned towards the foe. When on the war-path, the bearers of these sacred bags march in advance of the body of warriors.

There are other medicine bags used among the Omahas in their ceremonial dances; some of these are formed of otter-skin. The otter being a sacred animal among most of the Indian tribes, the bearers of otter-skin bags are restricted to five, whilst others carry bags made of musk-rat or any other animal; sometimes, it is said, of human skin.

But in the midst of all their magical ceremonies and incantations the American medicine men do not neglect the use of drugs, for the candidate for admission into the Mide, or medicine society, is taken into the woods and instructed in the uses and virtues of plants. It is worthy of remark that one of their chief remedies is to bathe in water in which pine-needles have been soaked; another great remedy employed being sweating or the use of

Turkish baths, which apparently form the preliminary to all healing ceremonies, more especially among the Navajos and Zuñis. With these tribes the cure of disease may be regarded as a portion of their religion, and is accompanied by many most singular and elaborate rites, in the midst of which one is somewhat surprised to see a faint recognition of the modern theory of germs; for everything which has touched the sick person is carefully carried to a distance from the tent and placed in a heap beneath a pinon-tree, every one being forbidden to touch it lest they should contract the disease.

The medicine bags of the Navajos, Zuñis, and Apaches, all kindred tribes in New Mexico and Arizona, contain a curious powder known as *corn-pollen* or *hoddentin*. This powder, which is the pollen of a rush, and also of maize, appears to be used as a medicine, being eaten by the sick and put on the head or other parts to ease pain, but principally as a sacred offering to the sun and moon, and as a sanctifier of everything. A pinch of it is thrown towards the sun and then towards the four winds for help in war or the chase, is put on the trail of a snake to prevent harm from it, placed on the tongue of the tired hunter as a restorative, hung in bags round the necks of infants as a preservative, and sprinkled on the dead. In fact, every action of these Indians is sanctified by this powder, so that, as Captain Bourke writes in the ninth volume of the *Report of the Bureau of Ethnology* (Smithsonian), 'plenty of hoddentin has come to mean that a particular performance or place is sacred.'

Captain Bourke shows many analogies to the use of this sacred powder, both in the East and among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and it is clear that similar practices with regard to 'medicine'—that is, magic—have prevailed everywhere and in all ages; for superstition seems to be the universal heritage of man, so deeply ingrained in his very nature that all the efforts of philosophers and 'Thirteen-clubs' will not avail to root it out. Medicine bags or amulets will continue to be worn openly or secretly, not only by the wild Indian and the Kaffir, but by many among ourselves who cling to the beliefs handed down probably from remote prehistoric ages.

#### GOOD-BYE.

WHAT you might once have been to me,  
It does not matter now;  
I trusted you, and left you free  
To keep or break your vow.

You said you loved me—and perhaps  
You may have been sincere;  
But when we parted, you forgot—  
I do not blame you, dear.

And now, though you are mine no more,  
Though I can not forget  
The days gone by, I curse you not:  
For, dear, I love you yet.

S. LE FANU.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.